The Blair County Whig.

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By John Brotherline. HOLLIDAYSBURG AND ALTOONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1862. Terms: $1,50 per year.

OUR FLAG FOREVER.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1862.

The Ore for Cannon to Shoot Rebels.

The establishment of National Armorys and Foundrys being now contemplated, the public, it is presumed, will feel interested to know the extent, nature and character of the Iron Ore deposit out of and from which all the Cannon lately made for the United States Government at Pittsburg has been manufactured—all these Cannon having been made out of Pig Metal made at Bloomfield Furnace in the vicinity of Hollidaysburg, except about two hundred tons made at Martha Furnace, still nearer this place, which is carried on by the same person who carries on Bloomfield Furnace.

The following is the result of the information obtained from Mr. Hugh McNeal, who, as the tenant in possession, is now carrying on and working both those Furnaces. The Ore from which the Pig Metal is made, and of which all the Cannon lately made for the Government at Pittsburg has been cast, is obtained from a ridge in Morrison's Cove, about 7 miles long, of the breadth of about one mile, and of the average height of about 200 feet. All the Iron Ore found in this ridge is Hematite. There are four different qualities of it found in this ridge; and of course, like all Hematite Ore, they are found in different and separate beds or nests, special deposits—along the whole ridge. Each kind or quality is found in a separate bed or nest. The two principal and the only ones now used are called *soft* Hematite and *hard* Hematite. The *soft* Hematite is the poorer, (it takes about three tons of it to make a ton of Pig Metal,) and is that which is now used at Bloomfield and Martha Furnaces to make the Pig Metal of which the Cannon are made at Pittsburg. The *hard* Hematite is principally used at Sarah Furnace, and is not considered so good and well suited for Cannon as the soft Hematite. The other two qualities of Hematite Ore found on this ridge have a shining, soap-stone appearance; one of them being a reddish and the other of a yellowish color. Some of those two kinds have been raised, some considerable length of time ago, but their peculiar qualities are not now known, and they are not now used. Openings have been made along the whole length and across the whole breadth of this ridge, at short distances apart, and the Ore found at all the different points. The Ore of this ridge was first used and worked at the Southwestern end of it—the farthest end or point from Hollidaysburg, at Woodberry Furnace, which was erected many years ago by Dr. Shoenberger and John King. In the course of time, when the wood to make charcoal became scarce at that point, Dr. Shoenberger removed the Furnace to the present site of Bloomfield Furnace, at the northwestern end of this Ridge, which is the end of it nearest to Hollidaysburg, or rather he erected a new Furnace at Bloomfield, removing the fixtures, &c., from Woodberry. The deposit, in this ridge, of soft Hematite, which Mr. McNeal is at present working at Bloomfield, is about 90 feet thick, (they have sunk a shaft through it) and he is now working this deposit at about the depth of 50 feet. This particular deposit is of unknown width, but is *certainly more* than 300 yards wide, as Mr. McNeal is working it, (the *same* deposit,) for the use of Martha Furnace, at a point more than that distance from the opening it used to raise Ore for Bloomfield Furnace. The Ore is found from the surface of the ground down through the whole extent of this 90 feet; but some parts of the Ore in this bed or nest, (about half it,) in occasional separate stratas, is mixed with flint and a species of sand stone, and they do not use that part, because it is hard to melt it with charcoal.

Mr. McNeal pays $3 for the raising of the Ore (about 3 tons) to make a ton of Pig Metal. *Below* this particular 90 feet deposit, which Mr. McNeal is now working, after first passing through a strata of sand, there is a still richer deposit of this *same* kind of Ore, of indefinite depth, which Dr. Shoenberger at one time worked and got Ore from, by means of a shaft sunk down in[illegible] McNeal gets his Ore out for [illegible] Sarah Furnaces by mean[illegible] to it.

At the no[illegible] this ridge, where O[illegible], Martha[illegible] of a m[illegible]

breadth of it, there is hardly the space of 100 yards where a hole has not been sunk down and the Ore found—that is, holes have been sunk down, about 100 yards apart, all over it, and the Ore found at all points.

On the whole, the use of this Ore by charcoal Furnaces, using all the wood to be obtained in that vicinity, (and it is a well wooded section of country,) would not in all time, in an appreciable degree, diminish the quantity of this Ore. Even the use of it by Furnaces using mineral coal would but slightly diminish it. Hundreds of Furnaces, for hundreds of years, could be supplied with Ore from this ridge, and yet, at the end of hundreds of years, there would remain enough of this magnificent deposit of the very best kind of Iron Ore to begin again with. *

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Gazette.

The Closest Shave of My Life.

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.

The prison at D——— is, every way considered under a better organized and surer system of admiration than any similar institution I have known. I have seen many, and looked somewhat closely into their methods of management and discipline, and have often seen much to approve; but the prison at D——— surpasses all the rest. Visitors, of whom, very properly, but few are admitted, are amazed at the regularity, the order, and, most singular of all the air of a security and exceeding quiet that prevails.

As we wandered through the chambers in the freer part of the prison, we came to one from the windows of which a man was looking so aniously that he did not see us enter. When he turned round, his eyes were glistening with tears. The warden said he did nothing but stand at that window at all times when he was unoccupied. He was a sailor, we learned, whose offence was that he had beaten almost to death a comrad for speaking slightly about his wife. He was in for three years, six months of which had passed, and he was one of the best men about that prison.—They had found out that he was accomplished—that there was no better barber anywhere; so he was elevated above his fellows, to the extent of a dignified position and the responsibility of razors.

'He has shaved me many a time better than I could do it myself. Would you like a prison shave, gentlemen?' said the warden.

I thought there was something quite taking in the idea, and acknowledged myself to be touched favorable with the proposition.

'Johnson, you will shave this gentleman,' said the warden.

I threw off my coat, and settled myself comfortably in the big chair. Johnson made grave preparations.

I always hated a razor. It is a villanous necessity. I wonder if anybody thinks it delightful, that hissing of the sharp steel over the cheek, and that slow scrape over the throat, with the skin drawn drum-tight.

When my face was shining with the soap, the warden said—

We will leave you for five minutes, Mr. ———. Is that time enough, Johnson?

'Quite enough, sir,' answered Johnson.

The prisoner and I were left alone.—My companion went away in another direction from that we had been pursuing. and the warden swung the door wide open as he passed through it unclosed. From my position I saw them walk along the top of the wall, until they came to a corner, where they spoke a little with the officer in charge. Then they moved on, officer and all, out of sight.

Upon each corner of the prison wall a guard is always stationed, well armed, to watch that no attempts to escape are made. The moment that one disappeared, I felt a soft faint shiver of the razor against my lip. Immediately after my barber, ceased operations, walked leisurely to the door and looked out, and returning, paused an instant at the window where we had found him when we had entered. Then he came back and resumed his work. I felt vaguely alarmed. Presently the prisoner spoke. His voice was very low, quite a whisper indeed, and he cut his words short. But how distinct they were!

'Do you hear me, sir?'

'Yes,' said I.

'It's a ticklish thing, this shaving, isn't it?' said he. 'But my hand is always steady. I can do what I please with the razor—just what I please. Be good enough to keep still, very still, just now. I'm close on to a large vein, you see, right in your neck. Keep very still and don't stir. I know what would happen, and *so do you*, if you spoke a word.'

Good God! These were hideous words; but the glare of the man's eye, as he came round the front of me was appaling. I could not have uttered a syllable if I had died otherwise.

'Now,' said he, 'listen, and don't move,' and he pressed the flat blade against my throat, as if by way of warning. 'I don't like this. I can't stand it. I'm going! And so help me God, if you lift a finger to stop me or make one noise, both of us will have to go! I would a little rather hurt you;—but remember!'

He sprang away, and caught up my coat and hat, which lay near, still keeping the razor in his hand. The moment its frightful contact was romoved, my inertness vanished, I leaped up, seized the chair in which I had been sitting, and shouted lustily. He turned upon me like a tiger.

'Ah, you will have it then!' he cried, and rushed toward me. I thrust him aside with the heavy chair, and lifting it high in the air, brought it down chrashing upon him. He sank for a second, but quickly rose again. He was heavier than I, and twice as strong I suppose. Persons who have thus been in positions of great danger will not be astonished to hear that I forgot, after my first cry, to call out at all. I thought only of defending myself.

This state of things did not last a quarter of a minute. He would have beaten me down soon enough, had I not, in sheer desperation, made use of a trick which I had once before successfully employed. I moved my eyes suddenly from him, and stared wildly into the space behind him, pointing, at the same time and in the same direction, with my arm. By a lucky chance I pointed to the window.

He stopped, irresolute, glanced at the window, flung his hands over his head, gasped as if he were choking, and, dashing the razor against the stone wall, fell trembling upon his knees. As I stepped swiftly across the floor he called out to me:

'Don't go, don't go!' he said. 'Stand there, at the door, if you chose, but wait a minute. It's all over now; and, perhaps, if you hear me, you won't wonder that I was driven mad.'

I hardly knew how to act, but as I involuntarily checked my steps, he continued—

'Look out at that window, sir, and you'll see, just over the road, a woman with a child in her arms, standing in a door-way. That's my wife and baby—my poor wife and baby. She doesn't know I'm here—thank God for that. I came here under a wrong name, and she supposes me far away at sea. I am sure it would break her heart to know the truth. Well, sir, thats my home. I've seen it, and I've seen her, every day, now, these three months. It used to make me crazy, but I bear it better now. But this chance—this great chance—was too much for me. And to think that I came near losing all hope of ever seeing her again!

Could I doubt those struggling sobs and tears? There was truth in every tone. I looked through the window, and saw, as he told me, a woman standing on a threshold opposite with a little child. She tossed it up laughingly once or twice and disappeared.

'You won't trust me, I know, said the prisoner; 'but I want to beg you not to let the warden know of this. It's no use; I know. Well, I swear that I'll be true to home after this. Nothing but three years solitary now, and who can live through that? No, no, you'll let this go by, won't you? You may believe me—you may, indeed.'

Feet shuffling along the passages announced the return of my companions. The prisoner endeavored to calm himself, and I put on an air of unconcern which I think was very successful under the circumstances.

'Not shaved yet?' said the warden, astonished.

If he had but known how else a shave I had been through!

'I have broken my razor,' said Johnson, looking appealing at me. 'See, sir, I must have another.'

'Very well,' said the warden. 'Will you wait?' he asked me.

'I think not,' said I. Another time will do for me.'

So I wiped my face and we went our way.

Of course I was bound to tell the warden what had happened; but even in that great excitement which naturally following so narrow an escape I think that I set forward all that I could in the poor fellow's favor. The warden received the story with perfect composure, and assured me he would act in such a manner as he thought the occasion needed. He condemned his own heedlessness, in opening so evident an opportunity for guilt, with much more earnestness than he spoke of the event itself.

I could not resist visiting the wife of Johnson. I discovered that his story was true, and learned his real name. She was happy in her ignorance of her real condition. I sought to ascertain whether she was able to sustain herself until he should rejoin her; and then she told me that Mr. ———, the warden of the prison, had also come to her, shown interest in her behalf, for which she could not well account, and assured her of his aid and protection in any need that might come to her. She was most grateful, but wondered why he had done so.

A few months ago the following newspaper paragraph appeared. It was much copied, and I suppose will be readily remembered.

'It is the custom at the prison at D——— to permit prisoners whose terms are within a few weeks of expiration to work outside the walls under the supervision of the officer. This privilege is in most cases gladly accepted. A few weeks ago, however, it was declined by a man, who as his time of freedom drew near, appeared more restless under his confinement than any other. On inquiry it was found that this prisoner had a wife and child living directly in view of the walls, and that for nearly three years he had seen her daily, she being all the while ignorant of his imprisonment, and supposing that her husband who was a sailor, was at sea on a long voyage. He was unwilling that at the last moment the fact should be revealed to her; and at his own request, he continued within the walls until his liberation which took place last week. Except on one occasion, his conduct while in prison had been without blemish.'

The Bag of Beans.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

In a country village of New England, there dwelt, not many years since, a lawyer and a physician, both intelligent, educated men; both members of the same church. They both passed away, but not without doing some good in the world.

Just ten years ago this month, one frosty morning, there walked into that village a little boy, looking very tired and desolate. His garments were old, but neatly patched; his hands and face were clean, and his hair smoothly combed; withal, there was about him a most attractive air of decent poverty.

So thought Dr. A., as he drew near the lad, who had seated himself upon a stone opposite his gate.

"What are you thinking about, my little man?" he kindly asked.

The boy started, stared at the Doctor with his great brown eyes, as much as to say, can it be that such as you take any interest in me? Then the tears began to trickle over his bronzed cheeks, and fell fast upon his patched garments.

The Doctor was moved. He patted the boy gently on his head, and again asked what he was thinking of. The child seemed re-assured, and, despite his choking sobs, exclaimed,

"I was thinking, if God would only open a way for me to become great and good like you, how I might help my dear mother, who is working her life out to get bread for her children."

The Doctor himself now brushed a tear from his eye, and softly said, still keeping his hand upon the boy's head, "Good you can certainly become; great, too, in virtue; and all other greatness God is able to add thereto. Take heart, my son—act, if you would be—"

"O, sir, if you would only help me," exclaimed the lad, springing up and confronting his new-found friend with glowing face and sparkling eyes.

The graceful attitude of the child, the vigor of his expression, the seeming firmness of his purpose, turned the scale with the Doctor. "I do not need you child," he said, "but I will take you and give you a start; may God help you do the rest! You may be my chore boy. No thanks, lad; but take my horse there to the stable, and tend him carefully."

The boy silently obeyed, and his benefactor turned away. The hearts of both were full of gratitude—the child for his new-found home, and its donor's for the rich assurance that he was but doing his Maker's bidding.

Neither the boy nor his patron had ever reason to regret the decision of that morning. The one proved a kind and considerate master, and the other a careful, diligent servant. His evenings the boy eagerly spent in study, and quickly mastered all the branches taught in district schools. Here he might have stopped, despite his longings, and have passed the rest of his days in humble, honest poverty, had not a most trivial incident turned the whole current of his life.

One morning the good Doctor, in his daily visits to his stable, while rummaging in his hay mow stumbled upon a bag full of beans—a half bushel of nice fresh beans. Here was a mystery. How came they there? To whom did they belong? Was there anything wrong about it? His wife could tell him nothing, so he next had recourse to James. The boy colored, hesitated, stammered, and then was silent altogether.

A faint suspicion flashed across the Doctor's mind Could it be? No! he flung the idea from him at once. Honesty was stamped upon every feature of that manly face.

The boy seems to read, by intuition, his very thought. Again he put himself in the half-tragic attitude of his first appeal to the Doctor, and exclaimed, "A thief! No; I'd sooner die than touch what did not belong to me. Those beans my mother saved to help me buy a Latin grammar. Do you think I could be untrue to such a mother's teachings?"

"No, my lad," said the Doctor, firmly grasping his hand, "and your mother may well be proud of such a son. Henceforth the way to learning shall be no thorny one to you, if friends can help you."

So it proved. The physician and lawyer went hand in hand in such works of benevolence; the large heart of the one and the abundant means of the other went well together. Their kindly interest and good advice cheered on the struggling boy.—books he had in abundance, and when the time came for him to begin his student career among new scenes and faces, their influence found him a place where his native powers could begin to carve out his destiny.

That destiny is now well assured. The forlorn, distrusting chore-boy has now given him a comely person, and the graces have been kind to him. His home is among the educated, the polished, and the refined; yet is he not untrue to his mother's teachings; and now even he grasps her homely hand just as warmly as he did on the day when he took from it the bag of beans wherewith to buy his first grammar.

As we have said before, his kind patrons have gone to their reward; went before the poor lad whom they had cheered and rewarded, by his achievements, their kindly efforts, but we doubt not that from heaven they look down with loving hearts upon this worthy son of their adoption.

Child of penury, God is no respecter of persons. He who runneth winneth the race.

Man of means, "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

The First Baby.

Heaven help that poor little victim of experiments, the first baby in a family. Upon whom every new and old nostrum is tried; who is overloaded with fine clothes outside, and feeding inside; who is constantly kept in a state of excitement by *chuck*ings and *chuck*ings, and tossings and ticklings, till he frets from sheer nervousness; and then—is blanketed and physicked, and steamed, till he is as limped as a thread-paper. Who is kept in a gaspingly close apartment six weeks, at the instigation of one grandmother, and driven out doors, without regard to wind or weather, the next six, at the recommendation of the other. Who is so overburdened with toys, that he would prefer at any time a chance stick or twig of his own picking from the carpet or sidewalk, and who takes to fisticuffs from sheer weariness of being fondled.

What a moral millenium to such is the advent of a second, third and fourth baby. When young master may sneeze, and the whole neighborhood not be called to witness the phenomenon. When, if he fell, he may sprawl there at least two whole minutes without a spoiling condolence, and make the wholesome discovery that he can pick himself up whenever he gets ready. When the playthings, over which he has been sole monarch, are ruthlessly snatched by the new baby's fingers, and he is taught, what he would never else have learned, that this world was not made for *one*.—When, fifty times a day, he must wait his turn to be served, instead of bringing all the household operations to a standstill till his real or imaginary wants are satisfied. When an over-busy mother at last clips the long curls, which, pretty as they were, should have been laid on the altar of common sense long ago. No longer do his little playmates call the tears to his eyes, by shouting after him, "*girlboy*." *Now* he is one of "the fellows." There is no danger now of his being called into the parlor to be shown off to mamma's visitors, and flattered into precocious impertinence, for there is no knowing what rents are in elbows and knees, or how many coats of dirt are on his face. But, meanwhile he is not being spoiled, and the important process of self-education, *i. e.*, poking his nose into everything, that he may find out the whys and wherefores, is going on. This blessed let-alone system, which, with proper limitations, is so necessary to a child at an age when its whole business should be to sleep, eat and grow well, and which every successive birth in the family helps him to enjoy unmolested.

How surprising is the discovery to papa and mamma, and the whole troop of adulators, that the second, third and fourth baby says "pa-pa," "mam ma," as well, and as early as that wonder of *a first!*

How leveling and disgusting the knowledge that everybody's baby in the United States, without distinction of brown-stone-front houses, has done just that! And what fond idiots they must have appeared to lookers-on, who had grown old rearing families. With what wonderment mamma now handles the first baby's robes, where she very nearly stitched in her life, in the anxiety to have all the absurd frills and embroidery that a tyrannical precedent has enumerated in such cases. *And now look at those of Johnny*—the last! Judging by his robes, he might have been *anybody's* baby! Well, well, his eyes are as bright, and his limbs are dimpled, and his cheeks as rosy, as if his clothes were *not* sensible and plain. In short, what a thing is experience. "Let us be careful, dear," says mamma, sagely, "to teach *our* girls to do better than *we* have." As if every young couple must not go through all these mistakes for themselves, and ten to one kill one baby, before they learn how to take care of the rest.—*Ledger.*

Special Prayer.

"That God would, in His infinite mercy, so bless our National Government, as that it may be able to preserve its unity and entireness; triumph over all the dark machinations of its enemies; succeed in all its efforts to restore concord and peace; be secured in its means of defence against all defeat and disaster, and in all its official persons and acts, be an example to the people of humble trust in God, and of conscientious faithfulness.

That God would divest the war of all brutal passions and barbarous acts; and as far as possible, prevent the effusion of human blood. That he would, by His grace, counteract the demoralizing influence of camp life, and so plentifully endue our soldiers and sailors with His Holy Spirit, that amidst all their peculiar temptations, they may learn to fear His holy name, and offer to him a spiritual worship.

That he would mercifully spare the lives of the leaders of our forces, imparting to them bravery and skill, and enable them to devise and execute such plans as may contribute to ultimate success. That he would shield our soldiery in the day of battle, and prepare those who are appointed to fall in the service of their country, for a sudden and violent transition from life to death. That He would alleviate the pains and sorrows of the wounded and mutilated, and lead them in their afflictions to look up to Christ as a sympathizing Saviour.

That he would visit with his mercy those who are lying in the camps and hospitals sick and disabled, and bless the remedies for their moral improvement, as well as physical restoration. That he would lead the chaplains in the army and navy to feel their heavy responsibility, as those who are entrusted with the care of souls, and divest such of official position as have no just sense of their holy vocation, or bring it into discredit by their unholy living. That he would mercifully protect the families of our soldiers, who are deprived of their presence, and to mitigate their situation, that their sacrifices may be tolerable. That He would bring the war to a speedy close; inspire the enemies of the government with a better mind, restore them to their allegiance, and the prosperity they have recklessly thrown away; and to order all things, in his providence, that great and lasting good may result from the unhappy conflict, and secure to the nation a lasting peace, great prosperity, and a readier ability to serve God, and promote the cause of true religion." A LADY.

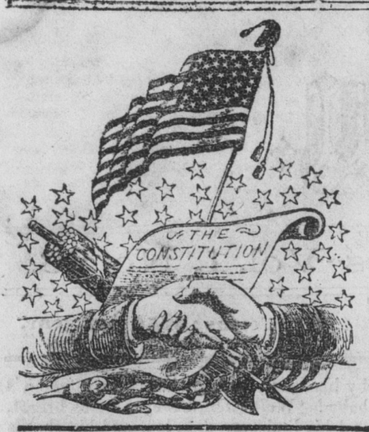
Providence.

If you want to see confusion apparently worse confusion, go into a general post office. Bushels of letters are tumbled around the centre table. The nimble hands of the men catch them up faster than you or I can follow them, and every letter is turned the right way. After going through certain processes they are all thrown into leather bags that are scattered all about the room, according to their destinations. The morning comes, and the mails go out, and each one of that enormous pile that seemed so tangled and confused having a special message and direction, takes its own course. Though it seemed impossible that they could reach the places for which they were intended: to north, and south, and east, and west, through streams and over railroads, and one is dropped in this hamlet, another in that village, and another in some other place, till they are all properly distributed. A million letters go forth from this single point, and not one fails to reach the person to whom it was addressed.

Now the world is God's great post office, where everything is turmoil and apparent disorder; but there is a distributive hand of Providence, by which all things are disentangled. The issues and results show that in the midst of this tumult and disorder there is a guiding power. When a man really believes that, it is a wonderful comfort to him while passing through the varied experiences of human life.

Religion comes to teach us that above every man's wisdom there is a Divine Providence; that men are in this life not unwatched nor uncared for, but under a Father's eye and protection; that they are provided for by a Providence that takes account even of the very hairs of their head.—*Beecher.*

☞ That's a beautiful birrid," said Patrick, contemplating a skunk, "but I think the darlint must have been edicated wid the modern dandies, for he perfumes so much."



THE WHIG.

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR PARTY.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1862.

To the People of Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon and Mifflin Counties.

No. 6.

"Aye, the people want leaders whose past lives have not been one continued scene of corruption and trickery, and whose present efforts to secure *extra purity* to cover up the actions of such lives are a mere sham. Let us beware of such men, and not take mere professions for repentance, until the proper fruit shall have appeared."

The above extract is from that good old Grandmother concern, the REGISTER. It so exactly accords with our own belief, and with what we have all along been trying to teach that "*nice young man*," the Editor, who, under the eye of Mr. Hall and the orders of Gen. Hewit, as carried to him by Hewit's man, the Sheriff, dishes up the editorials for that paper, that we cannot help feeling glad over the success of our labors.

It is now evident to us that our efforts to impress the mind of the Editor, Mr. Caldwell, with a proper sense of the wishes of the People, have not been entirely in vain.

Although the Editor is rather dull, yet even he is beginning to realize that the People want and are determined to have as leaders, *moral, truthful,* and *pure men.* He is beginning to discover that Mr. Hall's doctrine, to wit: "*That there is as much pleasure in being cheated, as to cheat,*" does not quite go down with the People.

He now sees that no man, after once deceiving them, be he even Speaker of the State Senate, can escape the certain punishment meted out by the People to their UNFAITHFUL SERVANTS.

We always thought that even the new Editor of the REGISTER, would finally discover our course concerning Mr. HALL, to have been the right one; but we must confess we did not expect the good results of our teachings to manifest themselves so soon. In last week's issue he says we are 'persecuted,' and evidently feels ashamed of the course of Mr. Hall and Gen. Hewit, and their friends toward us.

Now, Mr. *Register*, that we are of the same mind, let us repeat our text: The people *do not want leaders whose past lives have been one continued scene of corruption and trickery.*

They do indeed want leaders who have never violated their SOLEMN PLEDGES.

They do not want men for leaders who, when soliciting their votes, "*made promises to the ear only to be broken to the hope.*"

They want for leaders men who have not voted for perpetrating upon them A MOST STUPENDOUS WRONG—CONCEIVED BY A GRASPING CORPORATION, AND EXECUTED BY A CORRUPTED LEGISLATURE.

They want for leaders, men who do not descend to *small trickery* to secure for themselves nominations to Congress.

They want for leaders men of their own choice—not men forced upon them by a Railroad Company, which uses for that purpose purchasable newspaper Editors.

Aye! the People want for a leader, a candidate for Congress "*whose present efforts to assume extra purity are not mere sham, but one whose past life has given evidence of the sincerity of his professions.*"

They do not want a man in Congress who, while in the State Senate, BOLDLY AND BALDLY DECEIVED THEM.

They do not want a man for a leader who, when a candidate for the State Senate, in speech after speech, publicly pledged himself TO VOTE AGAINST A REPEAL OF THE TONNAGE TAX; yet, after obtaining an election, under these false pretences, COOLY BROKE HIS PLEDGES, and laughed at the People who had been credulous enough to believe him.

Is not such a man, dear REGISTER, one of those persons whom you say "*love* and make a *lie?*"

Now, we would say to our charming new Editor, that the next thing to being right in *theory*, is to be right in *practice*. Give heed to our teachings then, Mr. *Register*, *a little further*. You seem at last to be satisfied the people want for leaders, *pure, upright men*. Do not, then, try to FORCE UPON THEM ANY OTHER.

We want you to answer these questions: Did or did not Mr. HALL VOTE FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TONNAGE TAX, after pledging himself to go AGAINST THE REPEAL?

Did he, or did he not, vote to give the Railroad Company SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS OF THE PEOPLE'S MONEY?

And now, after it has been demonstrated beyond doubt, that these measures were carried through the Legislature by means of the most astounding FRAUD AND CORRUPTION, is he not opposing, with all his might, the repeal of the acts passed by SUCH MEANS?

If you answer these questions in the affirmative, then ask yourself whether *such a man* is a leader whom the PEOPLE WANT?

Yes, madam REGISTER, the People want leaders whose past lives have not been one continued scene of CORRUPTION AND TRICKERY; and, what is more, *they mean to have them, too.*

Our Carpet Bag.

It seems now that BENJAMIN L. HEWIT, Esq., District Attorney, has found our Carpet Bag, for in a long editorial written by him for Hall's last "*Democratic Standard*," he names several articles as being in it which certainly belong to him. How he got it open without the key, which we still have, we cannot conjecture; at least we know of no honest way to open a lock without a key. The original story about the poor fund, as first put in circulation by "OLD NICK," three years ago, he says is in it. Some other articles, however, seem to be lost, which 'Benny' no doubt, would put in a carpet bag, viz: a list of the different plank road and other stocks of a public nature taken by him and "tother," to *encourage the town*. *Also*, the subscription list on which is written the fifty cents subscribed by them to aid the soldiers. *Also*, the 25 cents cash paid to aid the election, when '*Benjy*' last run for District Attorney. We did intend to ask 'Bengy' if the two jugs of whiskey he sent up to Cooper's Coal Bank the same election, were in it, but as he had a great deal of trouble in *convincing* a certain temperance man, that he didn't do it and that he wouldn't do such a thing, we suppose they were not in it.

TRAUGH said 'Ben.' refused to take stock in Mack's Rolling Mill in 1860, even if he could pay it in "Bull Pups." Was that stock in the Bag, 'Bengy,' or the *Pups?*

There were quite a number of articles which we would expect to find in our carpet bag, while you were using it, 'Bengy,' but you do not name them, to wit: The result of the election for District Attorney in 1857, showing your unbounded popularity in this county, viz:

Usual majority when "Bengy" was not on the ticket	1000
Less when "Benny" was a candidate	977
Benjamin's maj. over Leet	23

ALSO—the result of the late Borough election for Constable, after 'Bengy' had stood at the polls all day working against RUSS. This last was in Ben's hand-writing.

ALSO—a few of the false reports concerning the reliability of the business men of this county, and especially those delectable reports predicting the failure of some of Ben's neighbor's, which, as mercantile agent, or attorney, and spy upon those who pay taxes to keep him in office, he forwarded to Philadelphia during the years 1859 and 1860.

There are many other articles which BEN forgot to name, which we will give in due time. The proceedings of the *secret meeting* held in his office by the Commander-in-Chief and the Major General and his staff, for the purpose of fixing on a county ticket to be put through the form of a County Convention in May, besides several indictments with *holes in*, together with a very strict and minute account of the fees (Sheriff's and all,) on each indictment in the Quarter Sessions during his term of office.

ALSO—the profits in certain cases 'made up,' as presented to and approved of by 'fother.'

You need not return the Carpet Bag, Ben; we don't want it after being the receptacle of all the foregoing articles owned by you, especially the "BULL PUPS." Just call around and you can have the key. Then lock it up, that no one can see what you use it for.

P. S.—The speeches made by Hall, Bengy, and others, at the secret meeting, with a full report of the resolutions, and the way the "*nighest road to peace,*" got the go by, we will publish in full hereafter.

Just as we Expected.

We understand that SETH R. MCCUNE, Esq., positively refuses to join the conspiracy now going on to foist LOUIS W. HALL, Esq., into Congress. We are glad of this, and yet it is not unexpected. Mr. MCCUNE faithfully and honestly represented Blair county in the Legislature two years. His future is too bright to be blighted now by a connexion with the advocates of the Tonnage Tax Repeal. Being sound on that question, he would make a good successor to the present Speaker of the Senate.

LOCATION OF THE NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

The select Committee to which the Senate has referred all the petitions from cities and towns asking the establishment of a National Cannon Foundry will have a perplexing task, unless they are governed by the important suggestions made in debate by Senator Grimes, viz:—That the material of which the guns should be manufactured must come from Bloomfield, and that the coal must also come from Western Pennsylvania. "Now," pertinently asked the Senator:—

"The question arises for us to consider, if we have got to use the Bloomfield material for the manufacture of guns, is it cheapest and best for us to take the metal and the coal from Western Pennsylvania and carry it to New York to manufacture it, or shall we manufacture the guns where the metal is and where the ore is, and transport the guns in a manufactured state to the sea coast?"

BOUNTIES TO VOLUNTEERS.—The following letter clearly explains itself relative to bounties under the present laws of Congress. It is probable that some measures will be taken at this session of Congres to extend their provisions to those discharged for disability incurred in the service:—

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington City, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—By direction of the Secretary of War, I have to inform you, in answer to your inquiry whether men discharged are entitled to one hundred dollars bounty, that, under the provisions of the act of Congress, *no persons are entitled* to the one hundred dollars' bounty but those who serve two years or till the expiration of the war, or the heirs of such as may die in service.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
P. H. WATSON,
Ass't Sec'y of War.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From our own Special Correspondent.

CAMP KIMBALL, Winchester, Va.,
March 17, 1862.

Mr. Editor: Having leisure time, I have concluded to write a short letter, trusting that it will be acceptable, brief as it may be.

As you will notice by the heading of the present letter we have again moved. We left Camp Chase on the 5th inst., taking the cars at camp, and came in them as far as Back Creek, where the bridge crossing the creek had been destroyed by the rebels. We remained in the cars over night. The next afternoon we crossed the creek on a temporary bridge, and took up the line of march for Martinsburg, distant 14 miles. The road taken was a rough one, and in addition to its ruggedness, it was very muddy; yet in spite of all the obstacles in our pathway, we surmounted them, plodding our way through the mire bravely, and reached Martinsburg at 11½ o'clock, P. M. I can assure you we were all very tired, and soon sought our hard beds, for we took quarters in unoccupied houses.

We remained in Martinsburg until the morning of the 11th inst., when our regiment, in connection with the other regiments of the 1st and 2d Brigades, took up the march for Winchester. We marched to Bunker Hill, where we rested for a few hours, when we again took up the march, and went to within 5½ miles of Winchester, when we bivouacked for the night. The next afternoon we marched to this place, a distance of 1½ miles of Winchester. Here we pitched our blanket tents, as our tents were not with us. The blanket tents are constructed by four or six gum blankets being tied together and stretched upon a rail. These quarters, to all appearances, do not look very comfortable, but their looks deceive one, as they are in many respects very comfortable, and in summer will doubtless entirely take the place of our Sibley tents.

We are now camped in view of some of the fortifications erected by the rebel force to dispute the advance of our forces. A slight skirmish ensued between our advance troops and a portion of Col. Asby's Rebel Cavalry, a few miles below us, on the day of the advance of Gen. Williams' forces. The loss of the enemy must have been some ten or twelve, as dead bodies were found by our troops, as we came up the road. But two of our men were wounded, not dangerously, however.

Since my last, Gen. LANDER, who was in command of this Division, has died, and the division is now under the command of Gen. JAMES SHIELDS—an officer in every respect worthy to fill the place of the late Gen. LANDER. The late officer had fully endeared himself to the men of his command, and his loss falls heavily upon the country, as well as upon the army. Brave and daring, he was the true personification of an American soldier, and, had his life been spared, greater honors would have been added to those already his. But the hand of Death has snatched him from us in his career of honor, and we must bow in calm submission to the decree of an All-wise Providence. Our short acquaintance with our present commanding General will be our excuse for not noticing him more. However, we will say, that he will no doubt fully sustain his name as a military officer, won on the fields of Mexico; and, he has, we have not the least doubt, the confidence of those who have been instrumental in inducing him to accept a position in the army now fighting for the maintenance of our Government, and we will safely say he will not betray that confidence reposed in him.

What will be done in this vicinity by our troops we are not able to say, or, in fact, conjecture; but we will no doubt soon be called to face the traitorous foes of our Government.

Where we will move to, or when, we cannot say, but we are daily looking for an advance movement of our Division.

We will endeavor to keep you posted in the movements of our regiment.

Yours, truly,
D. B. HOUCK,
Co. E, 84th Regt., P. V.

For the Blair County Whig.

"The Tract Man" Still Lives.

Mr. Editor: About two years ago, I noticed in the columns of the *Lutheran Observer* an article giving a brief statement of the operation and success of the American Tract Society, in the great and noble cause of morality and religion in Blair and Huntingdon counties, Pennsylvania, by Mr. JONATHAN FOCHT, their laborious and faithful agent. There also was an allusion made to the number of books and tracts which he had distributed since he had been laboring in the capacity of a colporteur. The figures, as then given, have since greatly increased. We are now really sorry to state that he is about leaving Pennsylvania, designing to settle in the West. His post office address, after the first of April next, will be Tipton, Cedar county, Iowa.

This pioneer and successful colporteur has now faithfully labored fourteen years and nine months for the American Tract Society, during which time he sold of their publications sixty-four thousand volumes, amounting to over sixteen thousand dollars; granted seven thousand four hundred and twenty-six volumes, amounting to one thousand four hundred and seventy-five dollars; visited thirty-five thousand three hundred and fifty-eight families, and had religious exercises (conversation and prayer) with nineteen thousand and ten families.

It is an easy matter to read over these figures; but pause, my dear reader, for a moment, and think of the great amount of labor required (for one man to do) to visit 35,358 families, and have religious exercises with 19,010, and sell and distribute 71,427 books, (sold and granted,) and receive over $16,000 for them, and pay it into the treasury of the American Tract Society. Then think, if you please, of the number of miles traveled, and the rough roads over which he passed to visit all those families, and sell all those books, and collect all that money—some of which has been collected even in these times of war and National difficulties. But we must not forget the exposure to all kinds of weather—rain and snow, cold and heat, showers and storms—over a rough and mountainous region of country—along the almost perpetually snow-capped Allegheny, and everlasting hills. May we not ask with astonishment, who can very long endure such exposure and hardship? And who would be willing to undertake and perform a similar gigantic work? What a noble work any man performs who distributes such an enormous number of moral and religious books. The bones of the "Tract man," as he is familiarly known by many of the inhabitants of his extensive field, may bleach upon the mountain or moulder in the grave, or be buried in the great deep—but his prayers and religious conversation with the poor, afflicted and distressed, will live to the latest time, and their influence only fully known in eternity. If every county in Pennsylvania, or even in the Union, would have had an equal or similar number of books of the American Tract Society distributed in it, within the last fourteen years, what an advance there would have been made in our moral and religious literature as a nation. Millions of good and useful books would now occupy places in the parlor and family book-case which have been supplied by works of a fictitious and skeptical nature. I think I can boldly say that no two counties in Pennsylvania have been so well supplied with the publications of the American Tract Society as Blair and Huntingdon. According to the Annual Report of the Tract Society, the subject of this article has been more successful than any other colporteur in Pennsylvania. He stands at the head of them all in the sales of books, &c. This fact, too, is a strong comment upon the morals of the people of Pennsylvania, among whom he labored.

What an omnipotent power the American Tract Society wields—and that in the right direction, too. What millions of moral and religious books and tracts this mighty incorporation annually sends forth over the country, adapted to every circumstance in life, and every condition in society. In our humble opinion it stands second in influence to no human organization in the western world.

But to conclude: The citizens of Tipton, Iowa, will find Mr. Jonathan Focht to be a kind, enterprising and energetic man, and a gentleman in every sense of the term; and Mrs. Focht a most estimable lady. BETA.

From Gen. Banks' Division.

Battle Near Winchester.

The Combined Forces of Jackson, Smith and Longstreet Routed.

WINCHESTER, March 23—8 o'clock P. M.—I have just come in from the very front of the battle, three miles out. We have gained a complete victory over Jackson, taken two guns and caissons, and killed at least 200, and wounded twice as many. Our loss is not over 150 killed and wounded. Our men did well; they took a great many muskets. The enemy is in full retreat.

LATER.

10 o'clock, P. M.—We have this day achieved a glorious victory over the combined forces of Jackson, Smith and Longstreet. The battle was fought within four miles of this place. It raged from half past ten o'clock this morning until dark. The enemy's strength was about 15,000. The strength of our division was not over 8,000. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is not ascertained, but it is believed that it is double that of ours. We have captured a large number of prisoners and some of their guns. The ground is strewn with the arms they have thrown away in their flight. The Cavalry is still in pursuit of the retreating enemy. The particulars cannot be accurately ascertained until daylight.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Telegraphic dispatches received here from Winchester, dated last night, at 10½ o'clock, say:

A slight skirmish occurred this afternoon, a short distance from Winchester, on the Strawsburg road, between a portion of General Shields' troops and the rebel cavalry, with four pieces of artillery.

The enemy retreated with a loss, as soon as our guns opened fire.

One man was killed on our side, and Gen. Shields suffered a slight injury on the left arm, above the elbow, from a fragment of a shell which burst near him.

A prisoner brought in to-night, says that the enemy were under the impression, that our troops had left Winchester, and Jackson's forces were on the road from Strawsburg, under the same impression.

FROM CAIRO.

CHICAGO, March 22.—A special dispatch to The *Tribune* from Cairo, says: The gunboat Lexington, from the Tennessee river, has arrived, and reports that our forces are scattering into the country about Savannah, accomplishing nothing of importance, besides an occasional capture of the enemy's scouts, and bringing into our lines prominent rebels, who were charged with aiding the rebellion.

Our forces have entire possession of the Memphis and Charleston road, in the vicinity of Savannah.

A Balloon was sent up from the fleet yesterday to reconnoise the enemy's works.

A dispatch boat arrived to-day and represents the condition of affairs at Island No. 10 unchanged. The mortar and gunboats indulge in occasional shots, so far without any further perceptible results. Transports are continually arriving with troops from St. Louis and elsewhere.

CAIRO, March 22.—Later advices from Island No. 10 than brought by the dispatch boat, arrived at six o'clock this morning. The position of the gun and mortar boats was not charged. Firing was kept up at intervals to prevent the enemy from strengthening and repairing their works.

A Skirmish occurred, on Sunday last, between a battalion of the Fourth Illinois and a squadron of rebel cavalry, near Pittsburg landing, resulting in the defeat of the latter, with some loss. Four Federals were wounded.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—It is asserted as the generally prevalent opinion, in naval and military circles, that, by this time, the national banner floats over New Orleans, and that it is believed our mortar fleet attacked the rebel fort at Rigolets within ten days after its departure from Ship Island, of the steamer bringing north the last intelligence from that point.

Gen. Burnside's Command.

BEAUFORT EVACUATED.

Fort Macon Destroyed.

THE PIRATE NASHVILLE BURNT.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 23.—The steamer Chancellor Livingstone arrived from Hatteras last night.

Immediately after the occupation of Newbern, North Carolina, Gen. Burnside started an expedition to Beaufort, but the place was evacuated before our troops approached. Fort Macon was blown up by the rebels, and the steamer Nashville, burned.

On the day that General Burnside occupied Newbern, sixteen thousand rebel troops were on the road between Goldsboro and Newbern.

The steamer Suwance sailed for Hatteras yesterday with mails and passengers.

The steamer Illinois returned to New York this morning.

The Steamer Vanderbilt arrived to-day.

The new gunboat Chocura arrived from Boston last night.

Skirmish with the Rebel Guerilla.

St. Louis, March 24.—The following is a copy of a dispatch to the Secretary of War:

A detachment of the 1st Iowa cavalry sent out from Jefferson city by General Totten against a guerilla band, had a skirmish with the enemy, killing two, and wounding one, and taking seventy five prisoners. Over twenty horses, forty eight kegs of powder, and a quantity of arms were captured. Our loss was four wounded. H. W. HALLECK,
Major General.

☞ Our boats have brought up to Washington immense quantities of shot and shell which the rebels left behind when they evacuated their batteries on the Potomac. It is stated that nearly all the grape shot which was found in the deserted rebel magazines was manufactored at the Navy Yard in Washington.

☞ The iron-clad gunboats and the mortar boats which took so glorious and, indeed, so indispensable a part in the recent triumph of our arms in the West, were planned and commenced by General Fremont, and constituted one of the great evidences of extravagance and imcompetence on the part of that officer.

More Iron clad Vessels to be Built.

The Secretary of the Navy has made arrangements for constructing a half dozen additional iron-mailed vessels of the style of the Monitor, except that they will be something longer and larger, and the tonage will probably reach the neighbourhood of one thousand tons. The smoke stack is to be heightened, so as to prevent smoke from blowing down and suffocating the the crew. With this change, the officers of the Monitor said to Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, that they had no fear going to sea in her. Indeed, Mr. ERICSON is preparing specifications for constructing a Monitor shaped ship which shall be over three hundred feet long. Should this style of iron-clad vessel be the only one fit for sea going, then are we ahead of the navies of the world. The new vessels are to have turretts a foot thick of iron, and fifteen inch Dahlgrem guns are to be mounted.

Beaufort North Carolina.

The occupation of this place by General BURNSIDE, places the whole of the coast of North Carolina within the waters of the Pamlico Sound in our hands. The only places now occupied by the rebels of any importance on the Southern Atlantic Coast are the cities of Wilmington, North Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia. We presume the Government will lose no time in subduing these cities, as it will be dangerous for our troops on the coast, as soon as summer commences. Those places should be occupied by garrisons, and our armies would be able to fall back into the interior before hot weather comes on.

Late Southern News--Secession in Desperation.

The latest arrivals from the South bring abundant evidences of the desperate straits to which the leaders of the atrocious rebellion once so proud and exultant over temporary success, are now reduced by the overwhelming reverses they have lately experienced.

A Richmond correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, says that General Buell's "proclamation to the people of Nashville has disposed the young men, already dissatisfied with Johnston, to lay down their arms, and paved the way to the campaign of invasion in the Mississippi valley. Mr. Davis remains as cold as ice."

Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, informs his leiges that the confederate States have called for five more regiments from South Carolina to serve during the war. He therefore summons the volunteers, and by way of a gentle stimulus, says that if the regiments are not full by the 20th inst., conscription will be resorted to. His proclamation with the usual appeal to patriotism, alters and fires and the God of battles.

Governor Shorter, of Alabama, has ordered out a large force for the protection of the Gulf coast; the force to serve for ninety days, and to arm, equip, clothe and transport itself.

Governor Moore, of Louisiana, is also out with a proclamation. He wants five and a half regiments for the confederate army, and they must be ready by the 15th of March. A second proclamation urges volunteering, and is full of appeals to patriotism, &c The Governor says the troops are called by Beauregard, whose laurels are the pressage of further victories. The Governor says:

"This is not the hour for vain secrets or despondency. No, not even for hesitation. An insolent and powerful foe is already at the castle gate—the current of the mighty river speaks to us of the fleet advancing for our destruction, and the telegraphs wires tremble with the news of his advancing columns."

Surgeon-General Choppin, of Beauregard's Staff, who has been sent to gather in recruits in New Orleans, that attempts to fire up the chivalry of that city:

"SOLDIERS OF NEW ORLEANS! You are aware of the disasters which have befallen our arms in the West. Greater disasters still are staring us in the face.

General Beauregard the man to whom we must look as t[illegible] of our country sends me among[illegible] on you to a great duty [illegible] invoking and inspired b[illegible] country and of[illegible] death-[illegible] les

New Railroad Schedule.

SCHEDULE OF DEPARTURES.

TRAIN LEAVES HOLLIDAYSBURG—
At 7.00 A M, c'ing with Fast Line East and Express Train West.
" 11.10 A. M., connecting with Mail Train East and West.
" 8.25 P. M., connecting with Fast L. West.

RETURNING.

LEAVES ALTOONA—
At 8.40 A M, on departure of Fast Line East and Express Train West.
" 3.30 P. M., or on departure of Mail Train East and West.
" 9.10 P.M., or on departure of Fast L. West

ENOCH LEWIS, Gen. Sup't.

OUR FLAG FOREVER.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1862.

DEATH OF

Col. WILLIAM^d GRAY MURRAY.

At this time, while called upon to mourn his death, it may not be improper for us to sketch briefly the leading incidents of a life which so gloriously closed. Col. MURRAY was born in Ireland, about the year 1826. His parents emigrated to this country not long after the birth of William. They landed at New. York, where they also resided for some time. From there they removed to Lancaster, in this State. Here, about the year 1845, the father died, and soon after, we believe, the family removed to Harrisburg. WILLIAM resided there with his mother until the breaking out of the Mexican War, being then about 20 years of age, he gallantly volunteered for the war, in one of the Pennsylvania regiments. He served with bravery and distinction in several of the battles of that war, and was promoted to a Lieutenancy, for courage and good conduct in one of the battles near the city of Mexico. At the close of the war, he returned to Pennsylvania, and located in our town, where he entered into the mercantile business. In the year 1851, he was united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Dougherty, a highly estimable lady, daughter of JOHN DOUGHERTY, Esq., of this place, by whom he had three children, two of whom are still living. Mrs. Murray died about 7 months ago. In the year 1853, President Pierce appointed Col. MURRAY Postmaster of Hollidaysburg, which position he filled with credit to himself and advantage to the public, from that time until the close of Buchanan's Administration, a period of eight years. He was desirous of entering the three months' service last year, but the condition of his wife, to whom he was a devoted husband, then ill with consumption, deterred him. After her death in the fall, he obtained authority to raise a regiment for the three years' service, and he immediately entered upon his task. Such was his popularity, tact and energy, that in a very short time he had his regiment organized, and received his commission as Colonel. Soon after, his regiment, then encamped at Huntingdon, was ordered into active service, and in the first engagement, near Winchester, he fell.

"Col. Murray fell while gallantly fighting at the head of his regiment." Such was the brief telegraphic announcement of his death, but what a world of meaning in the simple brevity of the dispatch. He fell where none but the brave dare venture. A true patriot, he gave his life for his country; a brave soldier, he died in battle; a gallant commander, he fell at the head of his regiment. We were well acquainted with him. There are but few of our people who did not know him well. His friendly disposition invited the acquaintance and friendship of all. Colonel MURRAY was a devout and exemplary member of the Catholic church. He was strict in the observance of its rules, and punctual in his attendance upon its ordinances. His pastor has lost one of the most devoted members of his flock, and the church one of its most liberal and active members.

In politics, while we knew Mr. Murray, he acted with the Democratic party. In the heat of a political campaign, he might have been thought too much of a partisan —*we never thought so.* He was a man of decided opinions, as every *real* man is, and ought to be. He openly avowed his principles, and endeavored to propagate them, beca[illegible]em the right ones, and w[illegible]honest citizen, w[illegible]po- his pal-

try do all the petty bickerings of party politics appear? as we stand sadly around the bier of the dead citizen, and soldier, and gaze with sorrow upon his lifeless remains, we forget that we once differed,—we think only of his manly virtues, and remember only, that he was a noble man and brother, who dared to die for his country. As a citizen, Col. MURRAY was public spirited, active and prominent in every enterprise which had for its object the prosperity of our town or County. His fatherless children having lost their sainted mother, will more than ever miss his strong arm which would have protected their youth. He will be missed in the public assembly, in the Town Council of which he was a useful member. The poor will miss his liberality, for none remember so well as they his many acts of charity, how often he assisted them when they most needed help. We will all miss his genial, pleasant face. While we mourn his early death, and regret that he was not longer spared to his country, his family, and to us, we do not mourn the manner of his death—we do not regret that he fell at the head of his regiment. Col. Murray wished for no other death. But we will

"No further seek his merits to disclose."

In the language of one who loved him well and knew him best—the Rev. John Walsh: "Col Murray was a good citizen, a brave soldier, and sincere Christian."

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's honors blest."

Death of Capt. P. Gallagher.

The telegraph also brings us the news of the death of Capt. PATRICK GALLAGHER, of Williamsburg, at the same battle. A more honorable, noble and faithful man than Capt. Gallagher never lived. He leaves a young wife and two children to mourn his death.

Death of Lieut. Charles Reem.

Lieutenant CHARLES REEM, of Frankstown, a brave soldier, was also killed in the same battle. He leaves a wife and five children to deplore his death. It is said that 23 privates were killed and 60 wounded out of 300 of the 84th Regiment, at the battle.

☞ A public meeting was held in the Court House on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of making arrangements for the reception of the remains of deceased soldiers. Appropriate Committees were appointed. It is expected that they will arrive to day at 4 o'clock P. M. in charge of the committees appointed by the Legislature.

Reported Killed—Job Miller, Paul Long, —— Gilroy. Aaron Weight, Leo Keech, —— Myers, Martinsburg. Thos. Hancuff, —— Brubaker, Altoona.

Reported Wounded—Wm. Hileman, Charles Curry, Martin Young. Henry Wilson, Robert Taylor, Constantine Curry, Hugh Smith.

If I only had not *bragged* about "pitching into Brotherline," feather, he never would have found it out. What a pity.—*Bengy.*

THE MECHANICAL REPORTS of the Patent Office at Washington, for the past year, were nearly all consumed by a fire at the Book-bindery. It will be late summer or early autumn before they can be re-printed and bound.

☞ The editor of the *Standard*, says he will thank us hereafter to call him a Douglas-Bell-Everet Democrat. He seems this week to have given up the idea of being able to *black mail us.* They are beginning to feel the weight of their own folly toward us.

☞ The battle near Winchester was much more disastrous to the rebels than we had supposed, 500 of them having been killed or wounded, and the survivors have been driven back to Strasburg. Furthermore, we have made 300 of them prisoners and captured at least 1,000 small arms. The last mentioned fact will best attest the complete panic into which the enemy were thrown.

MARRIED.

Near Hollidaysburg, on Thursday evening the 13th inst., by Rev. D. H. Barron, Mr. DAVID STERRETT WILSON, to Miss KATE BRINDLE.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church, in this place, yesterday morning, Rev. W. A. HOUCK, to Miss MARIA DORLAND, of this borough.

At the Lutheran Parsonage, in Williamsburg, on the evening of the 20th inst., Mr. DANIEL IRWIN to Miss MARY KELLEY, all of Williamsburg.

On the 18th inst., near Alexandria, by the Rev. D. A Isenberg, Mr. ALBERT B. FLOOD, of Williamsburg, to Miss MOLLIE A. ISENBERG.

DIED.

In Newry, on the 16th inst., after a short illness, AUSTIN, son of David and Elizabeth Cassidy, aged 4 years.

Near Frankstown, Blair county, on the 25th of February, 1862, of Typhoid Fever, JULIA LAURA, eldest daughter of Albert and Mary Wilson, aged 7 years, 3 months and 26 days.

Notice to Bridge Builders.

PROPOSALS for building *Three County Bridges*, will be received by the County Commissioners, at their office in Hollidaysburg, up to sundown of

MONDAY, THE 14th DAY OF APRIL NEXT,

at the following places, to wit: One at Leamersville, in Freedom township; one near Isenberg's Mill, in Frankstown township; and one at Bell's *Mills*, in Antis township. They are to be of the kind known as the "*Burr Patent* Arched Bridge," the plans and specifications of which, adopted by the Board and filed in their office, may be seen at any time by all persons interested. By order of the Board,

H. A. CALDWELL, Clerk.

Hollidaysburg, *March* 28.

PENNA. STATE CONVENTION.

To Pastors, Superintendents and Teachers, and Friends of the Sabbath-School Cause in the State of Pennsylvania.

DEAR BRETHREN: At a meeting of the Philadelphia Sabbath School Association, in the Rev. Dr. Wadsworth church, Feb. 17, 1862, it was unanimously resolved to hold a

STATE SABBATH-SCHOOL CONVENTION

At the City of Philadelphia,

On Wednesday, May 28th, 1862,

Commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

In the 1st "INDEPENDENT CHURCH,"

BROAD STREET, BELOW PINE.

The object of the Convention is in brief:

First. To obtain an accurate view and survey of the State in its Sabbath School aspects.

Second. To devise ways and means by which to impart increased vigor and efficiency to the Sabbath Schools; reach the destitutions, and increase the general interest.

Each and all of you are most earnestly and respectfully requested to co-operate with us in these objects, and we particularly request.

1. Your presence in the Convention at Philadelphia. Bring your pastor with you, if possible.

2. Gather up and send us by mail, without delay, all the well ascertained statistics bearing on this subject, and especially the condition and destitution of the schools in your town and county.

3. Fill the blanks in the annexed statistical table as nearly accurate as possible, and forward it to us by mail, with as little delay as practicable.

4. Appoint at least one delegate to represent your school in the Convention, and report to us by May 1.

A general and earnest invitation is extended to all the friends of the Sabbath School cause to attend; but it is specially desired and expected, that each Sabbath School will be represented by at least one delegate. Send your best men, brethren, to this important Convention.

Excursion tickets will be issued, at half fare, to delegates on starting by the following railroads: Pennsylvania Central, Northern Central, Reading, North Pennsylvania, and Cumberland Valley.

Liberal arrangements will be made for the entertainment of delegates; and to enable this to be done in a suitable manner, it is particularly requested that delegates should inform the Committee, at an early date, of their appointment and expected attendance at the Convention.

Delegates will please report themselves, on their arrival, at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Nos. 1009 and 1011 Chestnut street.

All communications should be addressed "To the Committee on State Sunday-School Convention, Box No. 620. Philadelphia P. O."

JAMES POLLOCK,
WILLIAM GETTY,
JOHN M. HARPER
P. B. SIMONS,
JOHN A. NEFF,
L. L. HOUPT.
Committee.

STATISTICAL TABLE.

Name and location of school.
When organized?
Name of superintendent.
How many teachers?
How many scholars?
Average attendance.
How many scholars converted since the organization?
How many Bible-classes?
Do you hold a teacher's meeting?
Do you support a mission-school?
Do you hold a monthly Sunday-school concert?
Do you hold one or two sessions?
Number of volumes in library.
How many of the teachers were once scholars in Sunday-schools?
Contributions to Christian and benevolent objects the past year.
What proportion of the children in your community are in Sunday-schools? March, 28.

Pocket Book Lost--$5 Reward.

THE subscriber lost his Pocket Book in Altoona, on Wednesday, the 12th inst. It contained Peter Bradley's single bill for $43, (of whom John R. Vaughn is administrator); Philip Dempsey's for $29,25, and James Warren's for $50, all with bail, all dated 22d March, 1861. The owners are notified not to pay the said single bills to any other person than the subscriber. Also, a $1 note on the Waynesburg Bank, and a receipt for 19½ bushels wheat delivered at Walker's Mill, and some other papers. It was a small, old leather pocket book. Any person returning the book and its contents to this office, will receive $5 reward.

March 21:3tpd ABRAHAM RUSS.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between Thomas B. Lloyd and Samuel E. Henry has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons knowing themselves indebted by note or book account will call and settle the same with Henry Lloyd or Samuel E. Henry, at the New Warehouse, Canal Basin.

THOMAS B. LLOYD,
SAML E. HENRY.

Hollidaysburg, March 12, 1862.

NOTICE.

The undersigned take pleasure in giving notice that they have this day entered into partnership in the Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, and Forwarding and Commission business, at the New Warehouse, Canal Basin, where they will be glad to see all their friends.

HENRY LLOYD,
SAMUEL E. HENRY.

Hollidaysburg, March 12, 1862.

A. C. MULLIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. All professional business intrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. Office at the north end of Colonade Row. March 21, 1862.

BACON—Fresh Smoked Ham, Side and Shoulder, for sale by
March 7 LLOYD & HENRY.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF the Directors of the Poor and House of Employment of Blair County for the year 1861. **DR.**

By cash received from County Commissioners,	1517 75	
1862. Jan. 8. By balance due Treasurer at settlement,	39 67	
		1557 42

House Expenses.

Amount paid—		
Lloyd & Henry, groceries,	128 00	
Jas D Rea, groceries & medze,	62 78	
A L Holliday, groceries,	73 90	
J M Hewit, merchandise,	109 39	
Jas Condron, "	50 26	
A F Osterloh, hardware,	9 53	
T Barnes, groceries,	69 85	
H B Martin, coal,	19 22	
Porter, Miliken & Co., coal.	28 50	
J M Kinports, clothing,	30 09	
H M Roderick, lightning rod, &c.	57 60	
Elliot, White & Co, drugs,	53 91	
D K Ramey,	3 00	
S Hoover,	1 00	
		$697 63

Farm.

W McGraw, labor 1858, '59 and '60	358 54	
J Koon, labor,	7 00	
Crawford & Story, blacksmithing,	10 75	
H Spade, "	21 40	
John Dipner, stovel plow,	6 50	
W Kenedy, castings,	6 54	
J W McCord's admm'r saddlery,	18 96	
T B Hopkins,	7 12	
Ben Lewis, rep. on machinery,	1 00	
Simon Barr, " "	29 87	
W Ditting,	8 50	
J M Gibbony, balance on plow,	3 94	
		479 12

Printing.

John Penn Jones,	15 00	
		15 00

Out Door Relief.

John Fisher,	5 00	
Hannah Ayers,	8 00	
Susan Baugh,	14 00	
Mary Riley,	8 00	
Jane Stonebraker,	29 25	
John Long,	10 50	
Mrs. Baird,	10 00	
Catharine Son,	24 00	
Mary Daugherty,	10 00	
Jas McKakin,	10 50	
Mary Conner,	14 50	
T Hough.	12 00	
Anna Dougherty,	23 70	
Sarah Burk,	15 00	
Elizabeth Carls,	5 00	
Wm Burley, R. R. Ticket,	1 95	
Geo W Brumbaugh, funeral exp.	6 08	
John Feay, medical attendence,	3 00	
W R Finley, " "	5 00	
G W Smith, " "	15 00	
		230 48

Justices' and Constable's Fees.

W Smith,	4 20	
T S Morrow,	1 20	
D L Martin,	1 80	
Saml Smith,	8 70	
Robert Alexander,	3 37	
S K Shaw,	1 70	
T H Gaylor,	6 30	
Walters,	1 50	
Bal. due Treas., last settlement,	85 94	
Treas'. com. on $1536 94 at 1½	20 43	
		1557 42

We, the undersigned Auditors of Blair county, do hereby certify that we have examined, audited and adjusted the foregoing account of John Penn Jones, Esq., Treasurer of the Directors of the Poor of Blair county, and that we find it to be correct as stated, at that there is a balance of thirty-nine dollars and sixty-seven cents due said Treasurer. Witness our hands and seals this 8th day of January, 1862

R. M. MESSIMER, [SEAL.]
L. LOWRY MOORE, [SEAL.]

ACCOUNT OF JOHM McKEAGE, Acting Treasurer for the Directors of the Poor and House of Employment of Blair County, for the year 1861, in part.

DR. By cash from County Commissioners,	$1657 08	
1862. Jan. 8. Balance due J McKeage,	22 09	
		1679 17

House Expenses.

By amount paid—		
Lloyd & Henry, mdze,	55 99	
A L Holliday, groceries, &c.	51 89	
G W Patterson, " & shoes,	22 38	
McFadden, groceries &c.	168 25	
D Conrad, merchandise,	1 00	
A F Osterloh, hardware,	16 96	
J M Cooper, coal,	17 81	
Shoenthal & bro. clothing,	9 00	
L Goldman "	1 75	
Peter Kloss "	5 50	
J M Kinports "	35 75	
D K Ramey, repairs,	128 90	
Christ Yerger, "	7 80	
G W Jacobs, "	1 50	
N J Funk, lime,	2 10	
M Rhodos, house services,	10 00	
A Reeder, butchering & beef	33 82	
		570 40

Farm.

Crawford & Story, blacksmithing,	97 78	
W Lontz, repairs on pump	14 00	
W Kennedy, plow & point	9 00	
T B Hopkins, saddlery,	18 80	
B Lewis, rep. on machinery,	75	
A DeArmit, grain rake,	30 00	
John Thomas, labor,	1 75	
C. Arthurs, "	44 69	
		216 77

Salaries.

C Irvin, physician,	150 00	
Ed McGraw, Steward,	75 00	
W Burley, Director,	84 94	
		309 94

Printing,

McCrum & Dern,	15 00	
O A Traugh,	15 00	
Geo. Raymond,	15 00	
		45 00

Out Door Relief.

Mary Riley,	16 00	
Susan Baugh,	12 00	
Hannah Ayers,	16 00	
Elizabeth Carl,	10 00	
Jane Stonebraker,	24 00	
Catharine Son,	12 00	
Geo. Shank,	10 00	
Mary Daugherty,	10 00	
Mrs. Conner,	7 20	
Rebeca Forrester,	27 01	
Andrew Myers,	12 75	
Jos. Gates,	10 20	
Mrs. Wilson,	2 00	
Jas. A. Bell,	6 00	
Ann McConnel,	2 00	
P. Miller,	5 00	
David Thompson,	2 00	
W Burley,	6 10	
C. Kean, coffins for 1858,	231 13	
S. Anderson, digging grave	1 00	
W A Fluke, funeral expenses for T Beams,	11 00	
T R Tooley, digging grave	2 00	
T. R. Hewit, stuff for shroud,	75	
T. B. Riddle, funeral exp.	8 00	
D W Vanaka, coffin,	5 00	
T H Burley, "	2 00	
Isaac Cromer, "	5 00	
T Griffin, burying child,	2 75	
T F Christy, med. attendence	8 75	
W B Rhodes, " "	4 00	
		471 67

Constable and Justice Fees.

Jas Watters,	4 50	
Jas. McPherson,	3 50	
Jos. K. Ely,	5 68	
Jas Cromwell,	1 00	
F Nicodemus,	2 98	
D McKenny,	1 50	
W A Fluke,	9 90	
G W Russ,	3 30	
J S Haffley,	4 10	
Fred Fouse,	3 50	
A Markey,	1 90	
W Fay,	1 50	
Treasurer's Com. on $1657 68 at 1½ per cent	22 09	
		$1679 19

We, the undesigned auditors of Blair county, do hereby certify that we have examined, audited and adjusted the foregoing account of John McKeage, acting treasurer of the Directors of the Poor of Blair county, and that we find a balance due the said McKeage of twenty-two dollars and nine cents. Witness our hands and seals the 8th day of January, 1862.

R. M. MESSIMER, [SEAL.]
L. LOWRY MOORE, [SEAL.]

STATEMENT

Of E. McGRAW, Steward of the Blair County POOR HOUSE.

CR. To Drafts on Treasurer,		$115 00
To cash received of—		
Overseers of the Poor of Half-Moon township, Centre co. for the support of Ann Hill,	15 25	
H. W. Moore for rent of the Deetor property.,	20 00	
Joseph Irwin for sheep,	21 00	
John Griffin, fines collected,	3 03	
Sundry persons for cabbage,	5 35	
Daniel K Ramey, for 100 bushels corn (in ear)	25 00	
Margaret Toole, for 6 bus. wheat	7 15	
Abraham Koon, 3 bus. wheat,	7 15	
David Robeson, seed corn,	3 50	
Jos Smith and others, seed corn,	2 62	
John Hays, hides and bark,	34 08	
		$255 28

CR. By cash paid—		
James Rhodes for harvesting,	$10 50	
Simon Lydick, "	11 75	
Arch. Paul, "	15 62	
John Golden, "	15 62	
Abraham Otto, "	6 50	
Robert Lynch, "	2 25	
James McGinnes "	1 25	
Emanuel Weir, "	1 12	
Samuel Carney, "	75	
Mr. Flick. "	75	
Jane London for toll, 1861,	17 37	
C Arthurs for labor on farm,	2 00	
Cath. Rhodes, kitchen labor,	33 45	
John Long, chopping wood,	3 00	
Emanuel Wier, repairs,	1 00	
William McGinnes,	62	
Shipping Mary Mills to Philadelphia,	8 00	
Expense removing pauper from Tyrone	5 00	
Do do do Greensburg,	7 70	
Do do sundry paupers,	10 00	
Incidental expenses,	5 05	
Samuel Calvin, fees,	6 00	
John Malone, timothy seed,	3 00	
Murray and Bingham, Postage,	1 60	
R Roleoff, freight on drugs,	1 59	
Paper	1 50	
Self on account,	82 29	
		$255 28

Proceeds of Blair Co., Alms House for the year 1861.

1034 bushels wheat, 1740 bus. corn (in ear) 445 bus. Oats, 87 bus. barley, 470 bus potatoes, 30 bus beets, 12 bus. onions, 2½ bus. small onions, 5 bus. cloverseed, 54 loads hay, 15 loads corn fodder, 2125 heads cabbage, 3 bbls pickels, 180 lbs wool Meat fed and slaughtered on the farm during the year—8056 lbs. pork, 5775 lbs. beef, 770 lbs. mutton, 120 lbs. veal. Produce of farm exchanged for groceries and merchandise—400 bus. corn (in ear) and 120 lbs lard to Lloyd & Henry, 2394½ lbs lard and $8.04c. worth of cabbage to James Condron, 100 lbs. lard to C. C. Price, and 90 lbs lard exchanged with Sam S Barr for corn brooms.

Cost of farming—including farm hands, chopping wood, making rails and fence, blacksmith and wagon makers bills, farm impliments and all other bills pertaining to farming $538 31.

Proceeds of Farm on Hand Jan. 1st, 1862.

849 bus. wheat, 50 bus rye, 800 bus corn, (in ear,) 350 bus. oats, 300 bus potatoes, 20 bus beets, 5 bus onions, 2½ bus small onions, 8 bus cloverseed, 35 loads hay, (estimated,) 2 loads cornfodder (estimated), 1750 heads cabbage, 2 bbls pickels, 180 lbs wool, 7100 lbs pork, 2200 lbs beef, 525 lbs sausage, 440 lbs tallow, 1105 lbs lard, 20 bushels barley.

There were 643½ bus wheat on hand January 1st 1861, and 1034 bus raised on the farm the same year, and there are 604½ consumed in the Blair Co. Alms House during the year, and 116 bus used for seed, 2880 lbs flour sold farm hands and mechanics, and 500 lbs given to the following families as out door relief: Mrs. Ungard, Mrs. Fox Mrs Wilson and Mrs Miller; also 27 bushels of wheat to the Miller and Cochran families. And there was also $337.96cts. worth of wheat sold to Elias Baker since Jan. 1st, 1862, which will be accounted for in next annual statement.

Stock on Farm January 1st, 1862.

5 horses, 20 milch cows; stock cattle, 4 three year-olds, 8 two year-olds, 8 yearlings, 9 calves, 27 head of sheep, and 32 head of stock hogs.

Farm Implements,

1 four-horse wagon, 1 two horse wagon, 1 one horse wagon, 1 cart 4 ploughs, 2 harrows, 2 shovel plows, 1 cultivator, 1 two horse sled, 1 threshing machine, 1 corn sheller, 2 windmills, 1 horse rake, 1 hay elevator, &c.

Articles Manufactured in the House.

4 corn baskets, 3 hand baskets, 45 womens dresses, 28 childrens' dresses, 84 shirts, 64 smocks, 26 skirts, 6 aprons, 18 pairs pants, 22 haps, 14 sheets, 20 chaff ticks, 25 pillow cases, 5 shrouds, 1120 gallons of soft soap, 40 lbs hard soap, 556 lbs candles, 960 lbs butter, 4 bbls sour krout, 560 lbs sausage, 440 lbs tallow, and 1105 lbs lard rendered.

Monthly Report for 1861.

	Admitted.	Dismissed.	Eloped.	Births.	Deaths.	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total No.
Jan.	27	6	0	1	2	44	24	31	99
Feb.	13	15	0	0	0	43	28	26	97
March,	7	5	0	0	1	45	26	27	98
April,	10	4	0	0	0	55	24	25	104
May,	6	20	0	1	0	45	20	26	91
June,	9	17	0	0	1	41	18	23	82
July,	2	17	1	0	0	31	19	13	66
August,	7	10	0	0	0	34	18	12	64
Sept.	5	5	0	0	1	34	17	12	63
Oct.	9	1	0	2	0	36	20	17	73
Nov.	12	0	0	0	0	37	25	28	85
Dec.	10	2	0	0	0	38	29	24	91

Number of inmates January 1st, 1861,	79	
Do admitted during the year,	115	
Do born,	4	
Total,		198
Discharged during the year,	112	
Eloped, " "	1	
Died, " "	5	
Total,		118
Remaining Jan. 1st, 1862,		80
Males,	45	
Females,	35	
Total,		80
Bound out,	5	
Insane,	5	
Idiotic,	7	
Blind,	2	
Colored,	4	
Deaf and dumb,	1	

Of the above number admitted there were 38 Americans; 68 Foreigners, and 9 Colored.

Number of out door paupers, Jan. 1st, 1861,	32	
Number taken charge of during the year,	88	
Total,		115
Discharged during year,	61	
Died " "	13	
		74
Remaining, Jan. 1st, 1862;		41

There were 728 wayfaring paupers accommodated with meals and lodging.

There was a balance due E. McGraw, Steward of the Poor House on the 1st day of January 1861, of $2425 29

One year's Salary for E. McGraw as Steward and Mrs. McGraw as Matron,	500 00
One years' labor on farm per Albert McGraw,	138 00
One years' use of buggy,	10 00
	$3073 29
To cash on account see Steward's statement,	82 29
Bal. due E. McGraw, Jan. 1st, 1862.	$2991 00

We, the undersigned, Directors of the Poor in and for said County, do hereby certify that the forgoing Statements are correct.

PETER GOOD,
DAVID AURANDT,
Directors.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of JACOB H. BARNDOLLAR, dec'd. The Auditor appointed to distribute the balance in the hands of E. Hammond, Esq., Administrator of Jacob H. Barndollar, late of Martinsburg, Blair county, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment on Thursday, the 3d day of April next, at his office in Hollidaysburg, when and where all persons interested are requested to attend, or forever after be debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

mh 21:3t AUG. S. LANDIS, Auditor.

JUST RECEIVED.—Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, for sale at very low prices, by [March 7] LLOYD & HENRY.

FISH—Mackerel and Herring, for sale by
March 7 LLOYD & HENRY.

COD AND WHITE FISH for sale by
March 7 LLOYD & HENRY.

FOR SALE.—A Hemlock Frame for a two-story house, 16 by 24 feet. It will be delivered in Altoona or Hollidaysburg, on short notice. ALSO—Ten thousand feet of 1½ inch plank. Inquire of the Editor.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

At our Warerooms and Manufactory.

No. 87 Bowery & 65 Chrystie St., New York.

☞ Third Avenue Cars pass our Store.

WE still continue the Wholesale and Retail Furniture Business at the old stand, No. 87 Bowery, where, with our increased facilities for manufacturing, we are enabled to offer inducements to the trade, not to be obtained elsewhere. Our warerooms, No. 87 Bowery, extending two hundred and forty-two feet through to Chrystie street, and six stories in height, form the most spacious as well as the best arranged in the city; and with the increased facilities we possess, are enabled to manufacture at lower rates than any other house in the trade. We would especially invite your attention to our stock, consisting, in part, of

Rosewood, Parlor and Chamber Furniture,
In Brocatelle, Delaine and Plush.

Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Imitation Furniture, of every description,
Enameled Chamber Furniture, in setts, from $20 to $100.

Sideboards and Extension Tables constantly on hand, and manufactured to order. Fine Rosewood, Walnut and Mahogany Bedsteads, new patterns; also, a large assortment of Mattresses, consisting of Patent, Spring, Curled Hair, Moss, Whalebone, and Excelsior.

We would also call your attention to our Cane, Wood and Flag Seat Chairs. We shall be able at all times to supply the trade on the most reasonable terms.

WALKER'S PATENT SWING CRADLES.

We are the sole agents for this city of *Tucker's New Style Patent Spring Bed,* the best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, $2 each.

7,000

have just been ordered by government for hospital use. March 14 -3m

POETRY.

I Want to be a Soldier.

A PARODY.

BY J. WARD CHILDS.

I want to be a soldier,
And with the soldiers stand;
A knapsack on my shoulder,
And musket in my hand;
And with my bayonet gleaming,
So g'orious and so bright,
I'd join our gallant army,
And for our country fight.

Though I should oft be wounded,
I would not shed a tear;
Though in the midst of danger
I never would feel a fear,
But brave and patriotic,
Like our brave sires I'd fight,
And with ten thousand soldiers,
Put rebels all to flight.

I know I'm young and tender—
But, mother dry your tears,
For many young as I am,
Have joined the volunteers,
And mother, should I perish,
And for my country die,
I'd think of you and sister,
And meet you in the sky.

Then let me be a soldier,
And with the soldiers stand,
A knapsack on my shoulder,
A musket in my hand;
And with my bayonet gleaming,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd join the gallant army,
And for my country fight.

VARIETY.

The Horse Hair Worm.

A gentleman from Detroit had the kindness to send me one of those long thread like worm (*Gurdius*) found often in brooks, and called horse hairs by the common people. When I first received it, it was coiled up in a close roll at the bottom of the bottle filled with fresh water that contained it, and looked more like a little tangle of black sewing silk than any thing else. Wishing to unwind it, that I might examine its entire length, I placed it in a large china basin filled with water, and proceeded very gently to disentangle its coils, when I perceived that the animal had twisted itself around a bundle of eggs, holding them fast in a close embrace. In the process of unwinding. the eggs dropped away and floated to a little distance.

Having finally stretched it out to its full length, perhapse half a yard, I sat watching to see if this singular being that looked like a long black thread in the water would give any signs of life. Almost immediately it moved toward the bundle of eggs, and, having reached it, began to sew itself and through the little white mass, passing one end of its body through it, and then returning to make another stitch; as it were, till the eggs were at last completely entangled as in an intricate net-work of coils. It seemed to me almost impossible that this care of offspring could be the result of any instinct of affection in a creature of so low an organization, and I again separated it from the eggs, and placed them at a greater distance, when the same action was repeated. On trying the experiment a third time, the bundle of eggs had become loosened, and a few of them dropped off singly into the water.

The efforts which the animal then made to recover the missing ones, winding itself round and round them, but failing to bring them into the fold with the rest, because they were too small, and evaded all efforts to secure them, when once parted the first little compact mass, convinced me that there was a definite purpose in its attempts, and that even a being so low in the scale of animal existence has some dim consciousness of a relation to its offspring. I afterward unwound also the mass of eggs, which, when coiled up as I first saw it, made a roll of white substance about the size of a coffee bean, and found that it consisted of a string of eggs, measuring more than twelve feet in length, the eggs being held together by some galatinus substance that cemented them and prevented them from falling apart Cutting this string across, and placing a small section under the microscope I counted on one surface of such a cut from seventy to seventy-five eggs: and estimated the entire number of eggs according to the number contained on such a surface I found that there were not less than eight million of eggs in the whole string. The fertility of these lower animals is truly amazing, and is no doubt a provision of nature against the many chances of distruction in which these germs, so delicate, and often microscopically small, must be exposed.—*Prof. Agassiz' in the Atlantic.*

Give and Receive.

When we hear a man fret about the unkindness of the world; the lack of sympathy, and the false friendship abounding, we are always prepared for one who does nothing to receive the good will and kindness of others. Does such a character ever bestow a smile, speak a kind word, or deny himself to benefit a fellow creature? To receive the good will of others, we must bestow our favors. If we would be smiled upon, we must not forever wear a frown. If we would see the tears of affection in other's eyes, we must not possess hearts too cold and dead to woe. No tender-hearted man; no affectionate, pleasant and agreeable person is left long to mourn over the bad passions of others. He receives in abundance those favors which he bestows.

There never was a human heart,
However weak and low,
That would not generous love impart,
A sympathy bestow—
If we ourselves would manifest
Those holy feelings in our breast.

☞A text Uncle Sam soon expects to preach from—Psalm 60, verse 7:—Manassas is mine.

A Down East Juryman.

"Ethan Spike" contributes to the Portland *Transcript* a sketch of his experience as a Juryman. The first cases he was called to try were capital ones—the criminals being a German and a "nigger" respectively.

"Hev you formed any opinion for or agin the prisoners," said the Judge.

"Not particular agin the Garmin," says I, "but I hate niggers as a general principle, and shsll go for hanging this old white-wooled cuss, whether he killed Mr. Cooper or not," sez I.

"Do you know the natur of an oath?" the clark axed me.

"I orter," sez I, "I hev used enough of them. I begun to swear when I was only about—"

"That'll do," sez the clark. "You kin go hum," sez he, "you won't be wanted in this ere case," sez the clark, sez he.

"What!" sez I, ain't I to try this nigger at all?"

"No," sez the clark.

"But I'm a Jewryman," sez I, "and you can't hang the niggar onless I've sot on him," sez I.

"Pass on," sez the clark, speaking rather cross.

"But," sez I, "you, mister, you don't mean as you say; I'm a regular Jewryman, you know. Drawed aout of the box by the selee man," sez I. "I've allers had a hankering to hang a nigger, and naow, when a merciful dispensatory seems to have provided one for me, you say I shan't sit on him! Ar this your free institutions? Is this the nineteenth century? And is this our boasted—"Here somebody hollered, "Silence in Court."

"The Court be —!" I didn't finish the remark 'fore a couple constable had holt of me, and in the twinkling of a bedpost I was hustled down stairs into the street.

Naow, Mr. Editor, let me ask, what are we comin' to, when Jewrymen—legal, lawful Jewrymen, kin be talked to in this way? Talk about Cancers, Mormons, Spiritualism, free love and panicks,—whare are they in comparison? Here's a principle upsot.—As an individual, perhaps, I'm of no great account; t'aint for me to say; but when as an enlightened Jewryman I was taken and carried down stairs by profane hands, jest fur assertin' my right to sit on a nigger—wy it seems to me the pillows of society were shook; that in my sacred person the whole state itself was, figuratively speakin', kicked daown stairs! If that's law in the land I'll have this case brought under a writ of habeas corpus or icksey Dicksit.

Western Exuberance.

The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth of the 19th, contains the following letter to the rebels:

My Dear Rebs.—I now take my pen in hand for the purpose of holding communication with you through the silent medium of pen and paper. I have just learned that the lines are now open as far as Fort Donelson, in Tennessee, and I avail myself with alacrity of the opportunity now presented of resuming our correspondence. Your many friends in this section would like to be informed on the various topics—for instance:

How are you, any how?

How does, 'dying in the last ditch' agree with your general health?

How is the 'Constitution' down your way?

Do you think there is any government?

How is 'King Kotting?

Is Yancey well, and able to eat his oats?

When will Buckner take his Christmas dinner in Louisville?

Is Lloyd Tilghman still hanging Union men in the First District?

Is Floyd still '*rifling*' cannon and other small arms?

How is Pillow's last 'ditch' and when will he gratify his numerous friends by 'dying' in the same?

How is the 'Southern Heart?'

Are you still able to whip five to one?

What is your opinion of the Dutch race?

Did the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by England and France benefit you much?

Where is the 'Provisional Government of Kentucky, and what is it kept in?

Where is the Louisville Nashville-Bowling Green Courier now published? Say!

And lastly, what do you think of yourselves, anyhow?

A prompt answer will releave many anxious hearts.

Yours, in a horn,
A LINCOLN MAN.

United States, Feb. 18, 1862

Prayer Answered.

Rev. Mr. French, who has recently been engaged in a missionary work among the contrabands at Fortress Monroe. relates the following, among other instances, of the shrewdness of this "peculiar" people;

On passing an old woman, returning from camp, with a large bag of clothes on her head, and her arms heavily laded with wood, we said:

"Hard times for poor colored folks, when kind masters have run away from them."

Her face lighted up—she replied:

'Oh! no indeed, these be good times we have been praying for such times many years."

"You cannot support yourselves, can you?"

"Oh, yes: if we could support ourselves and masters, too. I guess we could support ourselves, if we had a chance."

☞A Port Royal letter says: The other day an old fellow taken aboard one of the vessels was heard praying vigorously that "de Lord would bless these d—d Yankees." Poor Sambo had never heard us designated in any other way, and gave the entire title in his prayer.

The Bugle Calls! The War has Begun! A War of Extermination against Bad Teeth, Bad Breath, Diseased Gums, Toothache, Earache, and Neuralgia.

OUR ARTILLERY IS

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

DENTAL TREASURY.

A COMPLETE SET OF REMEDIES FOR *PRESERVING THE TEETH*, **Purifying the Breath and Mouth AND** Curing Toothache and Neuralgia.

Contents,

Dr. HURD'S Celebrated MOUTH WASH, one bottle.

Dr. HURD'S Unequalled TOOTH POWDER, one box.

Dr. HURD'S Magic TOOTHACHE DROPS, one bottle.

Dr. HURD'S UNRIVALLED NEURALGIA PLASTER.

Dr. Hurd's MANUAL on the Best Means of Preserving the Teeth, including Directions for the Proper Treatment of Children's Teeth.

FLOSS SILK for cleaning between the teeth.

TOOTH PICKS, etc., etc.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, 77 Fourth St., Brooklyn, (E. D.)

Price ONE DOLLAR; or, SIX for $5.

☞ The Dental Treasury makes a package eight inches by five, and is sent by express.

☞ Full direction for use is on each article.

The following articles we can send seperately, by mail, viz.:

The Treatise on Preserving Teeth sent, postpaid, on receipt of TWELVE CENTS, or four stamps.

The Neuralgia Plaster, for Neuralgia in the Face, Nervous headache, and Earache, sent post-paid, on receipt of EIGHTEEN CENTS, or six stamps.

The Neuralgia and Rheumatic Plaster(large size). for Pains in the Chest, Shoulders, Back, or any part of the body, sent, post-paid, on receipt of THIRTY-SEVEN CENTS.

Address,
WM. B. HURD & CO.,
Tribune Buildings, New York.

☞ Dr. Hurd's Mouth wash, tooth powder, and toothache drops cannot be sent by mail, but they can probably be obtained at your Drug or Periodical stores: If they cannot, send to us for the DENTAL TREASURY, Price, one dollar, which contains them.

Now,
ARE DR. HURD'S PREPARATIONS GOOD?

The best evidence that they are is, that their firmest friends and best patrons are those who have used them longest. Dr. William B. Hurd is an eminent Dentist of Brooklyn, Treasurer of the New York State Dentists' Association, and these preparations have been used in his private practice for years, and no leading citizen of Brooklyn or Williamsburg questions their excellence, while eminent Dentists of New York recommend them as the best known to the profession. Without the aid of advertising, dealers have sold them by the gross.

The Editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Times* says:—"We are happy to know that our friend, Dr. Hurd, is succeeding beyond all expectation with his mouth wash and tooth powder. The great secret of his success rests with the fact that his articles are precisely what they are represented to be, as we can testify from their long use."

The well known P. T. Barnum writes:—"I found your Tooth Powder so good that my family have used it all up. We find it the best Powder for the teeth that we ever used. I shall fell obliged if you will send me another supply at the Museum at your convenience, with bill."

But their cost is so small that every one may test the matter for himself.

☞ Beware of the ordinary Tooth Powders. Dr. Hurd's Tooth Powder contains no acid, nor alkali, nor charcoal, and polishes without wearing the enamel. Use no other.

WHAT WILL DR. HURD'S REMEDIES EFFECT?

Dr. Hurd's mouth wash and tooth powder will give young ladies that finest charm in woman—a sweet breath and pearly teeth.—Try them, ladies.

Dr. Hurd's mouth wash and tooth powder will cleanse the mouth from all foul exhalations, and if used in the morning, will make the breakfast taste sweeter and the day begin more pleasantly. Hundreds of persons can testify to this. Try them, gentlemen.

Dr. Hurd's mouth wash and tooth powder are the best preparations in the world for curing bad breath and giving firmness and health to the gums. Hundreds of cases of diseased bleeding gums, sore mouth. canker, etc., have been cured by Dr. Hurd's astringent wash.

Dr. Hurd's mouth wash and tooth powder give an additional charm to courtship, and make husbands more agreeable to their wives and wives to their husbands. They should be used by every person haivng

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

which are liable to impart a taint to the mouth.

Dr. Hurd's toothache drops cure toothache arising from exposed nerves, and are the best friends that parents can have in the house to save their children from torture and themselves from loss of sleep and sympathetic suffering.

Farmers and Mechanics! you cannot well afford to neglect your teeth. For a trifling sum, you can now get preservatives, than which Rothschild or Astor can get nothing better. Remember that Dyspepsia and Consumption of the Lungs often originate in Neglect of Teeth. Send for the *Treatise on Teeth*, and read Dr. Fitch's observations on this subject. If too late to arrest decay in your own teeth, save your children's teeth.

NEURALGIA PLASTER.

Dr. Hurd's Neuralgia Non-Adhesive Plasters are the most pleasant and successful remedies ever prescribed for this painful disease. The patient applies one, soon becomes drowsy, falls asleep, and awakes free from pain, and no blister or other unpleasant or injurious consequences ensue. For Earache and Nervous headache, apply according to directions, and relief will surely follow. Nothing can be obtained equal to Dr. Hurd's Compress for Neuralgia. Try them. They are entirely a novel, curious, and original preparation, and wonderfully successful. They are of two sizes, one small, for the face, price 15 cents, and the other large, for application to the body, price 37 cents. *Will be mailed on receipt of price and one stamp.*

WHAT ARE THE PEOPLE DOING?

The American people are intelligent enough to appreciate preparations that contribnte so much to the happiness of those using them, and they want them. Every mail brings us letters, some ordering the Treatise on Teeth, some the Neuralgia Plaster, and not a few enclosing 37 cents for the mouth wash, to be sent by mail: but to these we are compelled to reply that it is impossible to send a half-pint bottle by mail. The people want these Remedies.—*Who will supply them?*

Now is the

CHANCE FOR AGENTS.

Shrewd agents can make a small fortune in carrying these articles around to families.—The Dental Treasury is the neatest article that a man or woman can carry around. Send for one and see, or, better, a dozen, which we will sell, as samples, for $7. Agents supplied liberally with Circulars. ☞Now is the time to go into the business, to do good, and make a profit. We are spending thousands for the benefit of agents. New England men or women! here is something nice, and a chance to take the tide as its flood. Address,

WM. B. HURD & CO.,
Tribune Buildings, New York.

That remittances may be made with confidence, W. B. H. & Co. refer to the Mayor of Brooklyn; to G. W. Griffith, President Farmers' and Citizens' Bank, Brooklyn; to Joy, Coe, & Co., New York; to P. T. Barnum, Esq., New York, etc., etc. 1—20.

Kollock's Dandelion Coffee.

THIS PREPARATION, MADE FROM THE best Java Coffee, is recommended by the physicians as a superior NUTRITIOUS BEVERAGE for General Debility, Dyspepsia, and all billious disorders. Thousands who have been compelled to abandon the use of coffee will use this without injurious effects. One can contains the strength of two pounds of ordinary coffee. Price 25 cents.

Kollock's Levain.

The purest and best BAKING POWDER known for making light, sweet and nutritious Bread and cakes. Price 15 cents.

MANUFACTURED BY
M. H. Kollock, Chemist,
Corner of Broad and Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
And sold by all Druggists and Grocers.
Feb. 28, 1862–1y.

The Infalliable Corn & Bunion Cure!

D. S. DARLING'S CORN & BUNION SALVE

CURES WITHOUT PAIN OR INJURY.

IT softens the Corn or Bunion and wastes the excresence by exhalation, leaving the flesh and skin soft and natural.

When used according to directions, it never fails to cure. Try it! Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Sent by mail on receipt of the price, and six cents in stamps to pay postage. Price 25 cents a box. Sold by Druggists. Address

D. S. DARLING,
102 Nassau Street, New York.
Feb, 28, 1862–3 mo.

☞ **To Consumptives.**—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. ED. A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings County,
Jan. 24, 1862—3m. New York.

BLAIR COUNTY

MARBLE YARD.

THE subscriber informs his old friends and the public in general that he still continues to carry on the *Marble Business*, in all its various branches, at the old stand, corner of Allegheny and Front streets, where he is prepared to furnish,

Headstones, Tombs,
MONUMENTS, TABLE TOPS,
MANTLES, &c., &c.,

in a neat and workmanlike manner on short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, as I am confident that my work and prices will satisfy any person desiring any thing in my line of business. Now is the time to get a cheap job.

JOHN FREEMAN.
Hollidaysburg, Nov. 29, 1861.

STEAM SAW-MILL.—I will sell, at private sale, my new and elegant Portable Steam Circular Saw Mill, Engine, Boilers, Lath Mill, &c., &c., known as the "Tub Spring Mills," because the most of the timber close to them is exhausted.
Feb. 14, 1862. JOHN BROTHERLINE.

THE PILES CURE.
Darling's Tumour Ointment.

REDUCES the inflamation and dispels protruding Piles by exhalation, so that the parts may be returned to their place, without pain or injury, in a few days.

It is also a superior remedy for tumours of any kind wherever it can be applied with the finger or a camel's hair brush.

Sent by mail on receipt of a letter enclosing a 25 cent piece, and six cents in stamps.
Price 25 cents a box.
Address D. S. DARLING,
102 Nassau Street, New York.
Feb, 28, 1862–3 mo.

NOTICE.

The books of Major Raymond have been placed in my hands for settlement. Persons interested will please call and settle.

JNO. H. KEATLEY
Hollidaysburg, Dec. 6, 1861.

J. H. KEATLEY,

Attorney at Law.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA

References:

Governo A. G. Curtin, Harrisburg, Penna.
James T. Hale, Bellefonte, Centre Co Penna.

JOHN BROTHERLINE, Attorney-at-Law Hollidaysburg, Pa.

SAMUEL S. BLAIR.....JOHN DEAN

BLAIR & DEAN,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Hollidaysburg, Blair County, Pa.,
Oct. 18, '61–6m

S. M. WOODKOK,

Attorney at Law,

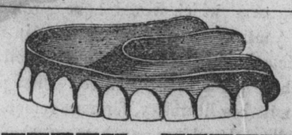
ALTOONA, BLAIR CO., PA.

Will practice in the several Courts of Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon counties.

Having had several years' experience in the practice of the Law, he expects to merit public patronage.

Office on Annie street, 8 doors above the Post Office.

October 1, 1861-tf.



TEETH—TEETH.

DR. S. KIMMELL, DENTIST, will insert TEETH on pivot, Gold plate, Silver plate, and the Vulcanite base from one, to a full set, on the most reasonable terms. Everything warranted. Gold fillings warranted for forty years.

Office opposite to the Exchange Hotel.
Hollidaysburg, Nov. 15. 1861.

For Sewing Machines.

JONAS BROOK & BRO'S

PRIZE MEDAL SPOOL COTTON

200 & 500 yds. White, Black & Colored.

This thread being made particularly for Sewing Machines, is *very Strong, Smooth and Elastic.* Its strength is not impaired by washing, nor by friction of the needle. For machines, use Brooks' Patent Glace,

For upper thread,

and Brooks' Patent Six Cord, Red Ticket,

For under thread.

Sold by respectable dealers throughout the country. Also, in cases of 100 dozen each assorted Nos., by

WM. HENRY SMITH, Sole Agent,
Nov. 8.-6 mos. 36 Veesey st., New York.

JOHNSTON, JACK & CO.,
(Formerly Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.)
Bankers,—Hollidaysburg, Pa.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,
(Formerly Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.)
Bankers,—Altoona, Pa.
Nov. 22, 1861.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

JESSE WINGATE, Proprietor.
October 25, 1861.

BOOTS and SHOES, Manufactured and Repaired by
J. M. ALBRIGHT,
Walnut st., Hollidaysburg.
Oct. 23 '61-tf

NEW STOVES,

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

IN ALTOONA.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully inform the public, that he has just received a large supply of STOVES, of all Patterns, such as: Continental Cook, and Herald Cock. The *Elm Gas Burner* which is far superior for Parlors, to Silvers' Gas Burner.

The *Ida Gas Burner* and the *Gem Gas Burner*, these are *the* Stoves of the Season. He has also, the *Egg*, and every variety of Stoves.

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE, in great variety, always on hand.

ROOFING & SPOUTING

put up on short notice.

All kinds of job work promptly attended to. Store and Shop on Annie street, between Harriet and Adaline streets, East Ward.

STEPHEN WINTERS.
Altoona, Oct, 25, 1861.

TO DISABLED SOLDIERS, SEAMEN AND MARINES AND WIDOWS OR OTHER HEIRS of those who have died or been killed in the service. CHAS. C. TUCKER, Attorney for Claimants, Bounty Land and Pension Agent, Washington City, D. C.

Pensions procured for Soldiers, Seamen, and Marines of the present war, who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in service, and Pensions. Bounty Money and Arrears of Pay obtained for widows or other heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service.

Bounty Land procured for services in any of the other wars.

CHAS. C. TUCKER,
Washington, D. C.
[November 1, 1861.]

FARMS FOR THE POOR MAN.

The subscriber offers at private sale, the balance of his lands in "THE KETTLE," near Altoona, at $5 per acre, payable in twenty years or less, with interest. He will sell any number of acres the purchaser may desire.—The soil is very good—scarcely second to the best in Blair county.

JOHN BROTHERLINE.
Hollidaysburg, Nov. 15th, 1861.

J. M. COOPER. S. MILLIKEN.

COAL.

JAS. M. COOPER & CO.,
(SUCCESSORS OF PORTER, MILLIKEN AND CO.)

ARE prepared to furnish the public with a good article of Bituminous Coal, by the boat, car, or cart load.

Hollidaysburg, Nov. 1, 1861.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

DR. THOS. F. CHAPMAN will send to all who wish it, (free of charge,) the Recipe for making and using a beautiful Balm, that will effectually remove PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TAN, Freckles, &c., &c., leaving the skin smooth, clean and beautiful; also, full directions for using PELATHEAU'S CELEBRATED STIMULANT, warranted to start a full growth of Whiskers, or a *Moustache*, in less than 30 days. Either of the above can be obtained by return mail, by addressing (with stamps for return postage,) Dr. THOMAS F. CHAPMAN, Practical Chemist, 831 Broadway, New York.
January 24, 1862—2m.

ALL kinds of JOB WORK neatly executed at this office.

DARLING'S

LIVER REGULATOR,

AND

LIFE BITTERS,

Are pure vegetable extracts. They cure all bilious disorders of the system. They regulate and invigorate the liver and kidneys; they give tone to the digestive organs; they regulate the secretions, excretions and exhalations, equalize the circulation, and purify the blood. Thus, all bilious complaints—some of which are Torpid Liver, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chills and Fevers, Costiveness or Looseness—are entirely controlled and cured by those remidies.

DARLING'S LIVER REGULATOR removes the morbid and billious deposits from the stomache and bowels, regulates the liver and kidneys, removing every obstruction, restores a natural and healthy action in the vital organs. It is a superior family medicine, much better than pills, and much easier to take.

DARLING'S LIFE BITTERS is a superior tonic and diuretic; excellent in cases of loss of appetite, flatulency, female weakness, irregularities, pain in the side and bowels, blind, protruding and bleeding piles, and general debility.

Read the following Testimony:

Jas. L. Brumley, merchant, 184 Fulton street New York writes, August 18, 1860: "I have been afflicted with Piles, accompanied with bleeding, the last three years; I used DARLING'S LIVER REGULATOR and LIFE BITTERS, and now consider myself entirely cured."

Hon. John A. Cross writes: "Brooklyn, March 15, 1860.—In the Spring of 1859 I took a severe cold, which induced a violent fever. I took two doses of DARLING'S LINER REGULATOR. It broke up my cold and fever at once. Previous to this attack, I had been troubled with dyspepsia several months; I have felt nothing of it since."

Otis Studley, Esq., 128 East 28th Street, N. Y., writes: "August 13, 1860.—I had difficulty with Kidney Complaint three years, with constant pain in the small of my back. I had used most all kinds of medicines, but found no permanent relief until I used DARLING'S LIVER REGULATOR, and LIFE BITTERS.

I passed clotted blood by the urethra. I am now entirely cured, and take pleasure in recommending these remedies."

Mrs. C. Teflow, 11 Christopher Street, N. Y., writes: "Feb. 29, 1860.—I have been subject to attacks of Asthma the last twenty years. I have never found anything equal to DARLING'S LIVER REGULATOR, in affording immediate relief. It is a thorough Liver and Bilious remedy."

Mrs. Young, of Brooklyn, writes, "February 28, 1860.—In May last I had a severe attack of Piles, which confined me to the house. I took one bottle of DARLING'S LIFE BITTERS, and was entirely cured. I have had no attack since."

D. Westervelt, Esq., of South 5th, near 8th Street, Williamsburg, L. I., writes: August 5, 1860—Having been troubled with a difficulty in the Liver, and subject to bilious attacks, I was advised by a friend to try DARLING'S LIVER REGULATOR. I did so, and found it to operate admirably, removing the bile and arousing the liver to activity. I have also used it as a FAMILY MEDICINE. When our children are out of sorts, we give them a few drops and it sets them all right. I find it meets the general wants of the stomach and bowels when disordered."

Reader, if you need either or both of these most excellent Remedies, inquire for them at the stores; if you do not find them, rake no other, but inclose One Dollar in a letter, and on receipt of the money, the Remedy or remidies will be sent according to your directions by mial or express, post paid.

Address, DAN'L. S. DARLING,
120 Nassau St., New York.
Put up in 50 cents and $1 Bottles each.
Jan. 3, 1862.—6m.

SOMETHING NEW!

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

DOWNER'S

Patent Hemmer and Shield,

FOR HAND SEWING.

Is pronounced by all who have used it "just the thing" for those using the needle, as it completely protects the finger, and makes a neat and uniform hem while the operator is sewing.

One half the labor of sewing is saved by using this Remarkable Simple and Novel invention.

No lady should be without it. It is also "just the thing" for girls to use learning to sew.

Its remarkable cheapness brings it within reach of the million. Sample sent by mail on receipt of the price, 25 cents.

Descriptive Circulars furnished on application. A liberal discount to the trade.

Enterprising Agents (wanted in every town and county throughout the United States and Canada,) will find most profitable employment in selling this useful article, as it meets with ready sales wherever offered—has no competition—and profits are very large.

$150 per month can be realized.

Address, A. H. DOWNER.
412 Broadway, New York,
Patentee and Sole Proprietor.

N. B.—General and exclusive Agencies will be granted on the most liberal terms.
[Jan. 3d. 1862. 3mos.]

SEIGEL SALOON.

JOS. FOGLE, Proprietor,
Montgomery St.—Hollidaysburg, Pa.
In the room formerly occupied by John McKeage as a Segar Store.

'One Flag—One Country—Zwei Lager!'

FRESH LAGER, ALES, Sardines, Shwitzer, Segars, and Refreshment of all kinds. Everybody and their friends are respectfully invited to give him a call. [Jan. 3d, 1862, tf.]

Steam Engine.

WE HAVE AUTHORITY TO SELL A Complete STEAM ENGINE of twelve or fifteen horse-power, suitable for a saw or flouring mill. No boilers. It is in town. Price $500. Payment to suit the purchaser. Inquire of the Editor. Feb. 21, 1862.-tf

A LARGE FIRST-CLASS BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, for rent on the east end of Blair street, Hollidaysburg. Inquire of Hollidaysburg, Feb. 28. THE EDITOR.

FARM TO LET.—I will rent a farm of one hundred acres, with the improvements, orchard, &c., including a saw mill, situate on Mill Run, two and a half miles west of Altoona.

ALSO—I will [illegible] the land adjoining it [illegible]res, to suit purch[illegible]
F[illegible]RLINE.

A[illegible]OR
Inqu[illegible]